

YOUNG CROW EDIBLE.

On the 22nd of April, in company with Russell Gray, I spent almost the entire day looking up the nests of my old friends, the Crows. One of the interesting finds of the trip was that of two young about two days old in a nest in the crotch of a leaning chestnut tree. The old birds preferring to keep their affairs secret, made no outcry; influenced doubtless by the noisy work of a near-by wood-chopper. As the nest must have been constructed as early as the last of March, it was thickly lined with cow hair. Now a strange tale had been but recently related to me from first hands, in which it is made to appear that the young are edible, and what is more, a dainty. Men and boys—as it runs—used to visit Reedy Island, at the head of Delaware Bay, where hundreds of Crows nested on the broken reeds, at the proper season for the purpose of securing the callow young, which brought good prices at the various markets and restaurants of Philadelphia, under the *non-de-plume* of "squabs." The above was strengthened by a remark made by an old lumberman and guide, formerly of Pike county, who said that the young of the Crow were much sought after in season by the lumbermen, by whom they are regarded as superior to young pigeons. Accordingly I secured this pair of young when they were about sixteen days old. The primaries, secondaries and tail feathers were just beginning to develop, the feathery tips just breaking out at the ends of the blue quills. Even when dressed, the long wings and very dark skin required some explanation before going into the frying pan. Nevertheless they finally reached the table under that all embracing term of "birds," and I literally "ate crow" for my breakfast. Subsequently one of the family remarked that the *pigeon* was rather tough, but the quality of the flesh was not impeached. In fact, it was superior to many birds I have eaten, and indeed, scarcely inferior to and tasting not unlike squab.

FRANK L. BURNS, *Berwyn, Penn.*

A MAY HORIZON.

The tenth day of May of this year (1897) was one to be remembered by local ornithologists for its wealth of transient bird life. The previous